Arizona Republican Editorial Page

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SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 31, 1913.

We inconsistently judge ourselves by what we feel capable of doing, but judge others by what they have done.
—Longfellow.

Mr. Newell's New Honors

The Associated Press dispatches bring the word that Director Newell of the reclamation service has been appointed by Secretary Lane to the chairmanship of the national reclamation commission. The meager dispatch did not describe the purpose of the commission or disclose any facts concerning its organization. Nor have the local officials of the reclamation service been informed of the objects of the congression or of its functions.

It is presumed, however, that it is intended to take the place of the directorship of the reclamation service so that there will be some division of the duties that have heretofore devolved wholly upon the director; that its constitution will be somewhat similar to that of the Panama canal commission, though in the latter, the authority of the chairman, Col. Goethals, is practically supreme. Such a national reclamation commission, it may be assumed, indicates the purpose of Secretary Lane to broaden the service and give it still greater efficiency.

This appointment is proof of the secretary's confidence in Mr. Newell's ability, despite the attacks which have been made upon him from various directions. A part of the opposition to him has been the outgrowth of differences of opinion regarding the management of certain irrigation projects under the reclamation service. There has been some dissatisfaction among water users under many, if not all, of the projects, but it does not appear to be shared by a majority of the water users under any. There was enough of it, however, to be seized upon by certain inconsiderate democratic politicians and used as an instrument against the whole reclamation service.

The sub-committee of the house committee on expenditures of the interior department made itself the champion of the opponents of the service, and, after an investigation of the Salt River project, submitted a report, distinguished for its bitterness and statements of facts, unsupported by any evidence whatever; by either a strange ignorance of facts or a willful purpose to distort them.

In the recent conference between representatives of the water users under the reclamation projects and the secretary, the latter practically discredited the report, and took occasion to express his approval of the reclamation service as a "splendid organization which had been built up" and which he said he would be foolish to destroy.

Secretary Lane evidently looks to efficiency in the public service rather than to the provision of places for those whose only recommendation is that of having performed more or less valiant political service, which is entirely distinct from the reclamation service.

Salt River Valley's Saving Fields

The Salt River valley has long been the winter feeding ground for outside cattle and sheep, but now, for the first time, it has been called upon to furnish extensive pasturage in the summer time. On account of the drouth in California, large areas of pasturage have been secured here at high rentals.

The Californian stock growers, when confronted by the certainty of a famine, applied to the secretary of agriculture for a modification of the regulations for the control of the forest reserves by which additional cattle and sheep might be admitted to the reserves. But, however the regulations might be modified, not a great deal of relief could be afforded from that source. At the same time, application was made to the secretary of the interior for the throwing open of Yosemite National park and other areas under the control of that department, to the famishing herds.

The secretary was disposed to aid the California growers to the extent he could, but on investigation he found that the thing asked for could not be granted by an executive order. Congress would have to enact special legislation, giving him power to open the park. Whether or not that will be done, the Californians have turned to the green fields of the Salt River valley for the saving of their stock.

The demand in California for hay and grain, as well as pasturage, will be great and will be prolonged until next season, and higher prices than those commodities have ever brought here will prevail.

Carnegie or a aBttleship?

Mr. Andrew Carnegie believes that the only way for the United States to obtain perpetual peace is to dispense with an adequate armament so that it may not be disposed to fight on provocation or even in self defense. If we are for peace, thinks Mr. Carnegie, we cannot be exhibiting signs of war. Therefore, he is against battleships.

Mr. Carnegie sees no danger of war. He is certain there will be no war with Japan, but he gives us this assurance: if, contrary to his expectations, we should become embroiled in a conflict with Japan, that he himself will shoulder a musket and go to the front. Passing over the circumstance that muskets are no longer used in our army, we would not feel entirely safe, even if Mr. Carnegie were armed with a "Krag." He has been a very efficient man in his time, and, for that matter, he is yet very efficient, but as a means or national defense we would much more highly esteem a superdreadnaught than Mr. Carnegie with his gun.

One of the many objections to a battleship is its cost. Yet, Mr. Carnegie has cost this country the price of many battleships. He has been a most expensive, though a very useful, institution, but he has been for some years remitting a part of the expense in the form of libraries and advice on a wide range of topics affecting our national and domestic life. The money put into a battleship is gone forever. When the dreadnaught's period of efficiency is past it is lost in the junk pile.

Still, in case of war, or in a period of peace, with war possibly only over the horizon, we would prefer the battleship.

A Substituted Charge

Major Sylvester, chief of police of Washington, D. C., has been exonerated of the charge of "hostility to the suffragists." We were not aware that such a charge had been lodged against him. He was accused of having been guilty of a lack of foresight and of neglecting to take precautions for the protection of the suffragist parade which was broken up by hoodlums the day before the last inauguration ceremonies.

It was not contended that Major Sylvester was in connivance with the hoodlums, or that he could have had any hint that such an outrage would be committed. He was blamed because, as the head of the District police, such a possibility had not suggested itself to him, and it was on such a charge that a congressional investigation committee went into the matter.

The charge of "hostility to the suffragists" seems to have been only a man of straw, erected by the committee, to be easily knocked over, its downfall to be regarded by the public as a settlement of the whole case. Official investigations often end in this convenient and happy manner.

HOPE DOES NOT ENTER HERE

(Charles Wellington Furlong, in Harper's Weekly)

Cayenne—red pepper to the world at large, hell to the few thousand of convicts transported to this isolated, northeastern corner of equatorial South America. Here, it was rumored, existed one of the world's most antiquated and revolting penal systems, where thousands of men are exiled and doomed to a living death. Men from French Guinea had intimated conditions which vied with the atrocities of the old convict ships.

Groups of convicts lounged about or lay sick and incarcerated on the verandas. At night the barred iron door of each dormitory is locked, and outside paces a guard, revolver in hand. Sometimes under cover of darkness the inmates settle feuds. Occasionally to establish leaders, rival gangs fight with cudgels, knives and even paving stones. Sometimes disabled, others dead, the most indomitable are reconciled and form a tyrannical secret society. Many a poor wretch dreads the night hours, when the enraged pack, occasionally murder is committed, in profound silence, and daylight finds a dead or dying convict in the passageway or entrance. Questioning is useless, and few guards will risk life in entering the barracks when smothered cries and gnashings warn them of internal strife.

All the men I talked with were well disposed toward me, one in particular—a tall, well educated man with a pair of dark rimmed glasses and large eyes fearfully strained because of inability to secure proper lenses.

"You must not lose hope," I told a group and almost swallowed my own words. "Hope!" burst out the rich, tremulous voice of the tall man. "It is always the same; there is no hope here." "No, no hope here!" was the echoed murmur of his comrades.

THE MAN WHO CAME BACK

He owned a good farm in the corn belt, no matter where, but he read the literature of the west until he yearned to go the limit in search of better things, so he sold the farm and they went.

They located out there, no matter where, and they found that all that had been told them was true—at times; not steadily and regularly true, of course, but one would hardly expect that. The fact is, though, that they missed the bluegrass, the corn, the familiar home environment. Finally he sent an emissary and to his delight learned that he could again buy back his old farm, at an advance of, only $25 an acre. The deal was promptly made, the family returned. What joy it was! To rediscover the old place was like a little journey into the promised land. Then they could see how so much more in it than they could when they left it; the opportunities were so much greater than they had dreamed.

So they settled down again with infinite delight and content and the farm they had left. The tour and experience had cost fairly dear, true, but it was well worth it for the content it brought, with the new vision and ambitions.

Our old neighbors are worth $10,000 to us," they declare.

THE MAN WHO WROTE "SPARTACUS"

Generation after generation of American school boys have declaimed "Spartacus to the Gladiators" or "Regulus to the Carthaginians," and probably never stopped to wonder what stenographer among the ancients took down these celebrated remarks. As a matter of fact both were the work of a New England clergyman, Elijah Kellogg. "Spartacus" was written while he was a theological student at Andover in 1842 for the rhetorical exercises of his class. "Regulus" was written three years later for a fellow student to speak in a prize competition.

What college youth of these days could write such forceful orations? These have never been surpassed and in some schools it has become necessary to bar them from the list at prize speaking competitions, so invariably do they carry off the prizes.

Of all the work of Elijah Kellogg, these alone remain known. Yet he wrote thirty wholesome books for boys, some of them tales of the woods and some of school, and was for years an eloquent pastor at the Seaman's church in Boston. He might have become a Talmage or a Beecher or a Brooks and gained fame in a more fashionable pulpit, but he clung life to the life work he had chosen.

IT BEATS PEPSIN

Bill—I'm afraid that goat will be sick. He's eaten a lot of newspapers.

Jill—I guess he'll be all right. The last thing he ate was the Literary Digest.—Yonkers Statesman.

Richard III

By HOWARD L. RANN

Richard III was an English king who put in most of his time removing relatives from the line of succession with a broadaxe. He was one of the meanest kings England ever had, and if it had come to a popular election he couldn't have carried his own ward. He was continually shedding the blood of somebody who would rather be let alone and when he died the forests did not notice any access in business. When Richard got up and decided to reach for the English throne, he found that several people stood in front of him, among whom were quite a sprinkling of uncles, nephews and fourth cousins on his mother's side. Whenever Richard saw these people blocking the path to the throne, simply because they were born closer to the family tree he would bite his lower lip impatiently and hire somebody to smother a few in a feather bed. This was Richard's favorite method of murdering unreasonable relatives who refused to step out of the line and let him get up to the pie counter, and he finally discouraged so many by his treatment that he became king. As soon as Richard took the throne a lot of uneasy relatives whom he had been unable to get to began to conspire against him in a loud tone of voice. The Duke of Buckingham was one of these and Richard had him beheaded with considerable agility. Finally the Earl of Richmond, who had been pottering around Brittany for several years, looking for an opening, landed on the field of Bosworth, pinned red roses on his soldiers and attacked Richard's army in the right hip. Richard's soldiers did not like him, anyway, and after fighting in a cursory fashion, in which they were aided by some of Richard's choicest curses, retired from the scene with great unanimity. When Richard saw himself deserted he grew desperate and offered to trade what was left of his kingdom for a good, sound sadle horse that was not afraid of automobiles. He made this offer twice but nobody took him up as his kingdom was considered to be about all in. He was unable to run, on account of owning a game leg, and finally was stabbed in the cuirass and other vital spots with so much earnestness that he expired in some of Mr. Shakespeare's best blank verse.

SAYINGS OF W. C. REDFIELD

From "The New Industrial Day" By Secretary of Commerce

Never give up self study. There will always be something to learn about your ways.

Don't let your initiative become sterilized by a tariff or anything else. (This may be—as a friend says it is—"grossly inferential" But it is nevertheless true).

It is not wise to destroy the initiative of your working force by looking so hard at a quarter yourself that you can't see the five dollar bill beyond.

A justly discontented force can cost you more directly and indirectly than the most expert and costly supervision can ever find out.

The cheapest and most efficient discipline is that which well-paid, hopeful and zealous work naturally creates.

The cutting of piece-work rates and wages is the hall-mark of inefficient management.

Obsolete machinery is the foe of profits, the brother of high cost, and the friend of bad methods.

Export trade begins at home, in your own shop, and first with the head of it. To get it bring in your wages and output up—your costs and prices down; know what is doing in your own plant and you can smile at a competing world.

When you have good stuff to sell, well and cheaply made, properly designed, and of regular quality, well packed, you will have no trouble to sell it abroad. What one country or market won't take, another will. It's a large world.

Grape Juice

By WALT MASON

All honor to the peerless Bryan, who, custom's obsolete defyin', fermented dope eschews, and thereby shucks the red-nosed stickler who wants to swallow some good pickler, some rich imported booze. Wine, men once thought, at meals was very important, even necessary; they had their daily toots, and diligently, at the table, poured down as much as they were able, and slumbered in their boots. But we've outgrown this silly custom, and others of the kind, dad burst 'em, which make our fathers sick; and with no alcoholic quiver we wash down onions and fried liver with water from the creek. When we attend a big swell dinner we find that coffee is a winner, it warms us to our toes; we ask for drinks that leave us sober as are the heavens in October, and no pepsin goes. And when the long drawn feast is ended we seek our couches feeling splendid and snore throughout the night; and rise when we have had our slumber without that taste, the hue of umber, which makes the mouth a sight. When men who have exalted places against Old Booze shall turn their faces, the nation should applaud; there is no time or place or season when man can find a decent reason for drinking forty-rod.

DINNER AND DISHWASHING

There is no dinner without its dishwashing. To every joy of life is attached a bit of disagreeableness, as a thorn grows under the rose, the apple has a core, the banana a skin and the watermelon a rind.

For every picnic somebody must pack the baskets, after every party some one must sweep up, after every game of cards some one must put things away and clear the table.

Under all the pleasantness of life runs a current of unpleasant things to be done. Back of every luxurious automobile are a thousand workmen. Somebody must carry the horse and wash the buggy.

One of the most unfortunate mistakes you can make is to omit to teach this to your child.

Few recipes for happiness are more reliable than this: Form the habit of paying cheerfully and as a matter of course for your fun. Expect the inevitable dishwashing, go to it and get it promptly out of the way. Most of the whines come from people who want the dinner without the dishwashing.—Dr. Frank Crane in Woman's World for June.

EXPECTING ASSISTANCE.

Tall Blonde—Why do you wear a tight skirt to skate? You will never be able to get up if you fall down.

Short Brunette—Of course not, you goose; not by myself.—Judge.

A REASON FOR THE MUSTACHE

Not only in this country, but in London, the mustache has returned to fashion. That there must be a psychological reason for wearing hair on the upper lip has long been suspected. It was a London West End hairdresser who discovered it. The long, silky adornment of Bret Harte days is not being worn, of course. The type enjoying popularity in London and elsewhere now is known as the "toothbrush," the "paintbrush" or the "eyebrow."

Said one West End hairdressing expert the other day: "The proper mustache now must be short, closely trimmed, stubby and sharply defined. It must not overlap the corners of the mouth, and must not conceal the contour of the upper lip. The small mustache serves the same purpose as the patch of the Georgian women—it calls attention to a well formed mouth and excellent teeth."